you would deſires to acquainted withall;

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons; keepe them a ſunder, here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Nay good Maſter Parſon, keepe your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Maſter Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion; let them keepe their limbs whole, and hacke our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. I Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iacke dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors; I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. *Diable*; *Iack Rugby*: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer*; haue I not ſtay for-him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Chriſtians ſoule, now looke you; this is the place appointed, ile be iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter.*

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* and *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; heare mine Hoſt of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, he giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh*? No, hee giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo; Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both; I haue directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue; Come, lay their ſwords to pawne; Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.